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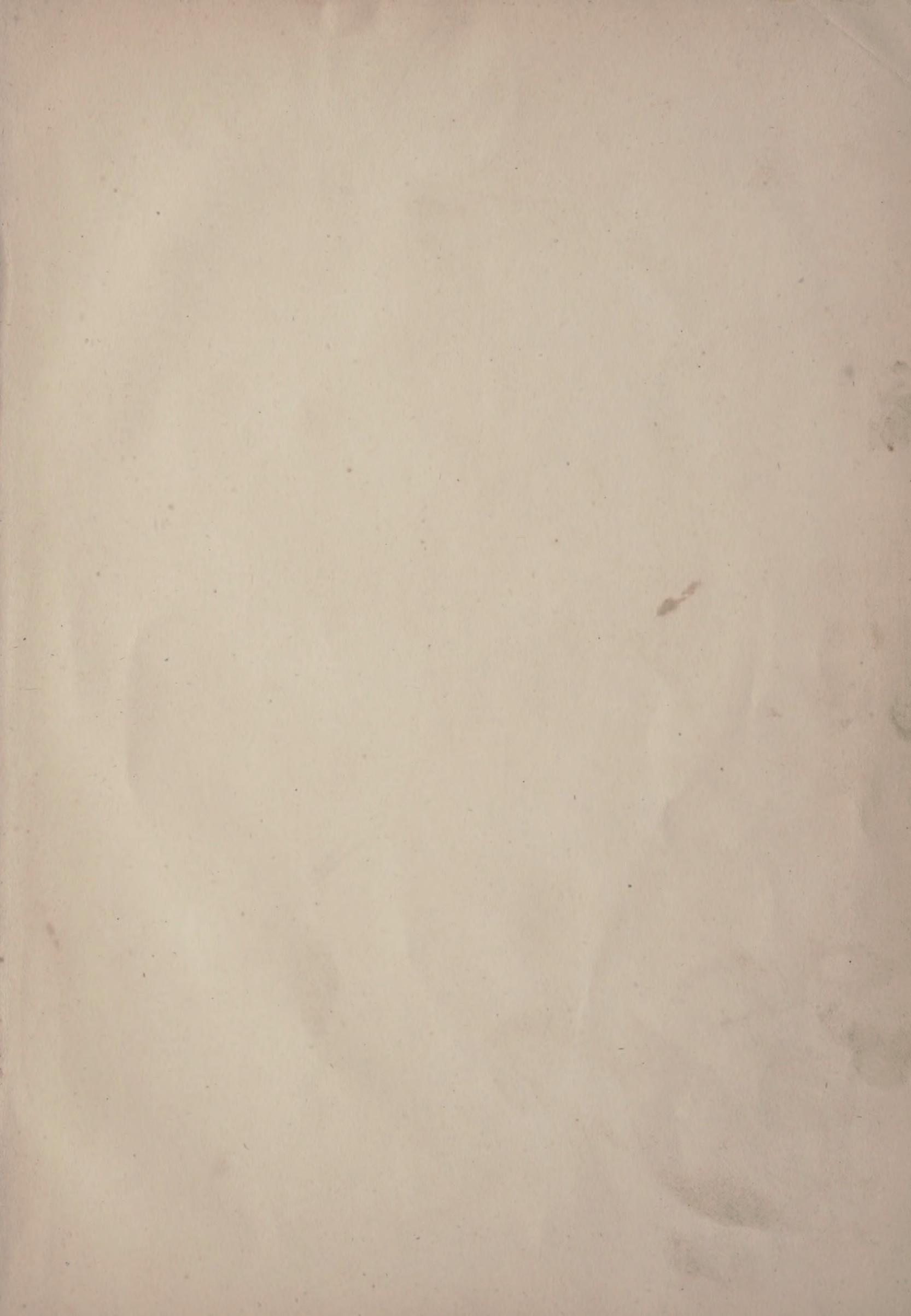
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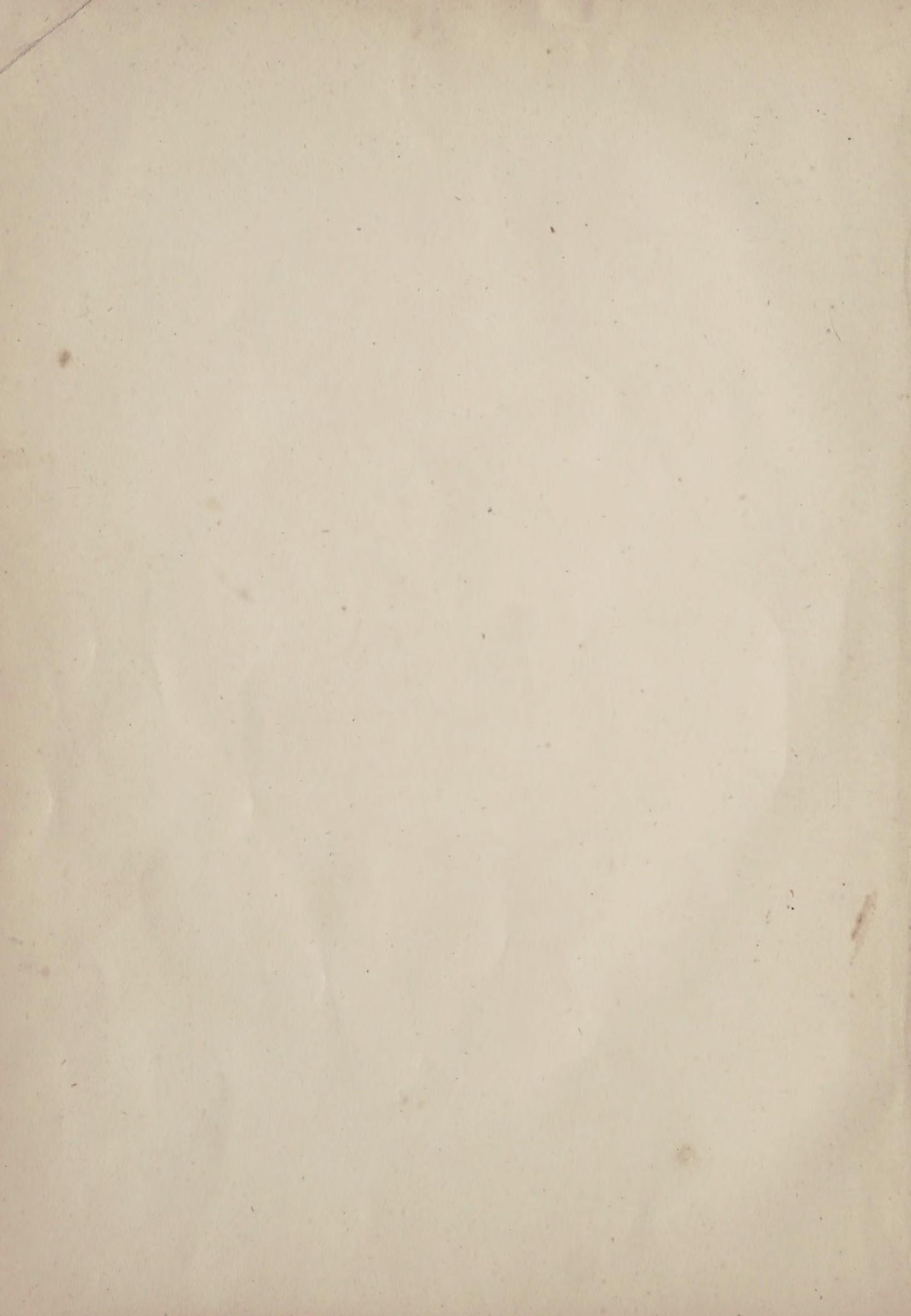


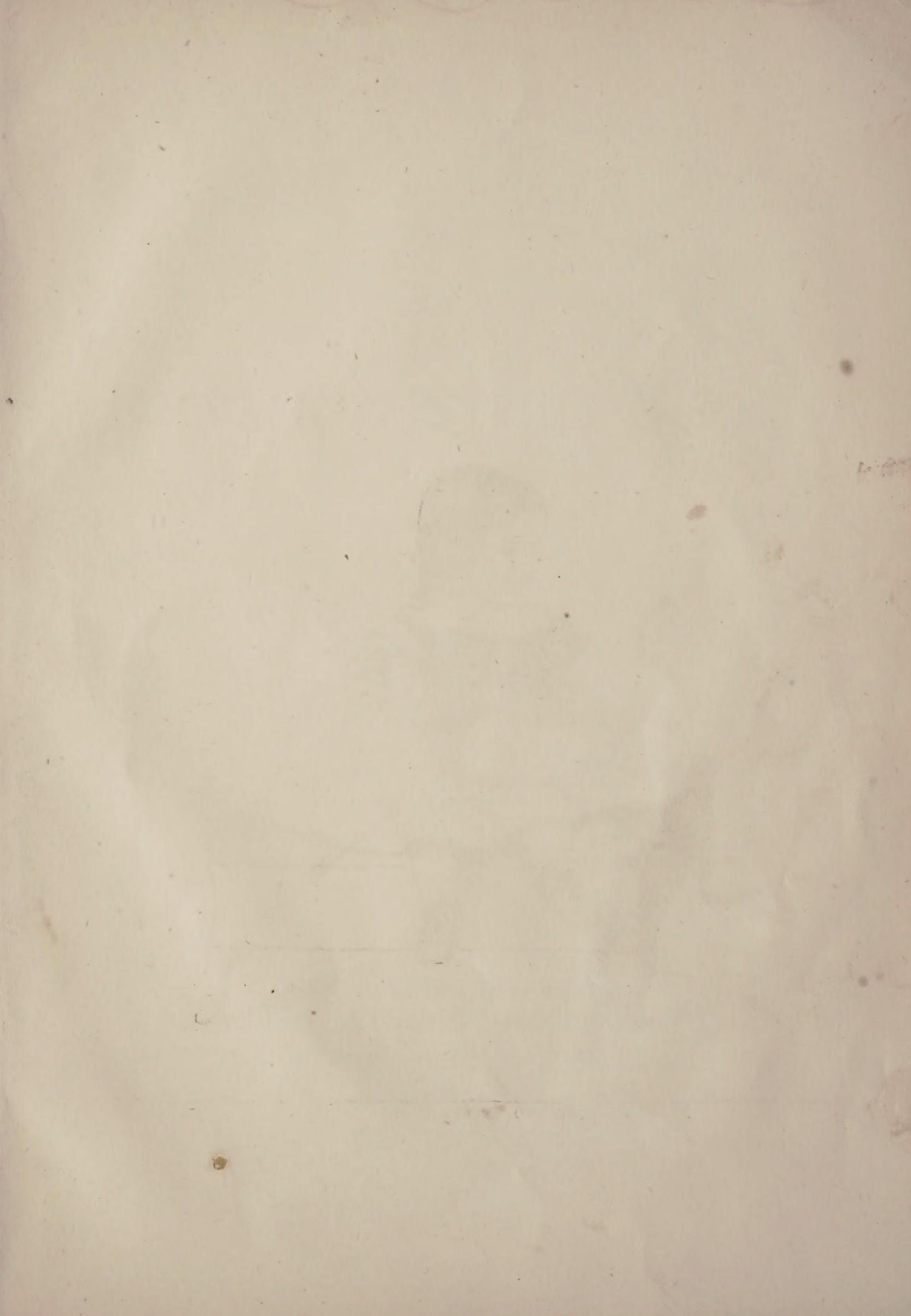
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SUSY AND BUFFY. P. 44.

THE
RHYMING STORY-BOOK



Riverside Press
PUBLISHED BY HURD AND HOUGHTON
459 BROOME STREET, NEW YORK
1867

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by
HURD AND HOUGHTON,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern
District of New York.

*Mrs. J. O. Millard
Gift
Oct. 31, 1941*

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE :
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

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THE RHYMING STORY-BOOK.

THE NAUGHTY ROBIN.



WAS night, and all the air was still,
Save for the lonely Whip-poor-will,
Whose shrill notes roused the slumbering
hill,

That answered softly, "Whip-poor-will."
Some robins, in their leafy beds,
Awoke; and raised their little heads,
Staring about with sleepy eyes,
Which opened large in mute surprise:
"What is that noise? Oh! sister dear,
Does it not make you shake with fear?"
"Oh, no; 't is but that crazy bird,
Whose cry through every night is heard;
You know papa has often said
That there is nothing we need dread."

While in this nest we safely lie,
Hid by the leaves, from every eye."

"Now, while we're all awake," said one,
"Let's fly about and have some fun;
Mamma said she should have to stay
With her sick friend till it was day.
I think that it is very mean
To keep us here where naught is seen
But leaves and leaves; while well I know
The world is beautiful below.
Now, brother Dick, you need not frown:
While you keep watch, I'm going down;
My wings are strong, and I can fly
Back any minute, if I try."

The night was clear; and twinkling stars
Laughed, as she peeped through leafy bars,
Thinking, "How can so sweet a thing
As Freedom, any suffering bring!"
Poor bird! Grief quickly comes alway,
When little children disobey!
The brightest joys are quickly lost,
When purchased at so dear a cost!

The Naughty Robin.

7

The air was still! no leaf was stirred,
As through the boughs this little bird,
With fearless pleasure, picked her way
Down to the ground; she did not stay
To cast one lingering look of love
Back to her sisters up above.

And when upon the ground she stood,
Her first care was to look for food;
For she was but a greedy thing,
Who naught could do but eat and sing.
Quickly her eager little eye
Espied a blooming field of rye;
“Oh!” said this foolish bird, “I’ll haste
Those tempting little seeds to taste!”

She stopped to rest upon a wall,
And, looking, saw a figure tall
Standing close by her in the field,
With arms outstretched and face concealed.
She never yet a man had seen;
But she had heard that birds had been
Shot down by them, in cruel fun,
With something which they called a gun.
Seen by the uncertain light of night,

The Rhyming Story-Book.

That scarecrow seemed to move; and fright
Took from the poor bird all her strength;
She fainted quite away at length.

An owl, that mighty bird of prey,
Who wakes all night and sleeps all day,
Fixed on this bird his evil eye,
As he was wheeling through the sky;
Said he, "That little bird looks good."
Then circling through the air, he stood
A moment poised above her head,
And thought, "I'm sorry she is dead,
'T would be such fun to squeeze the breath
Out of her till she choked to death!"
Then down he pounced upon his prey,
And quickly bore her far away.

Where hills rose high against the sky
Beyond the reach of human eye,
The wild owl flew with swiftest speed,
Her hungry little ones to feed.
There, on a high rock's stony crest,
The owlets waited in their nest.
Soon one, with greedy, staring eyes,

The Naughty Robin.

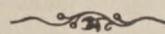
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Far off the coming treat espies :
“ I ’ll have the biggest piece,” said he :
Each claimed the same, and soon the three
Were fighting, fighting furiously.

The old owl listened, as she stood
Concealed from them by thickest wood ;
Oh ! ’t was a very shocking sight ;
No wonder she should scold outright !
“ Children ! ” she said, “ will nothing teach
You to be kinder, each to each ? —
See this nice bird, so fat and fair,
A tempting morsel, rich and rare !
You all are very naughty, so
To bed you supperless shall go ! ”
Here the owl made an awful pause,
Then opened wide her mighty claws.

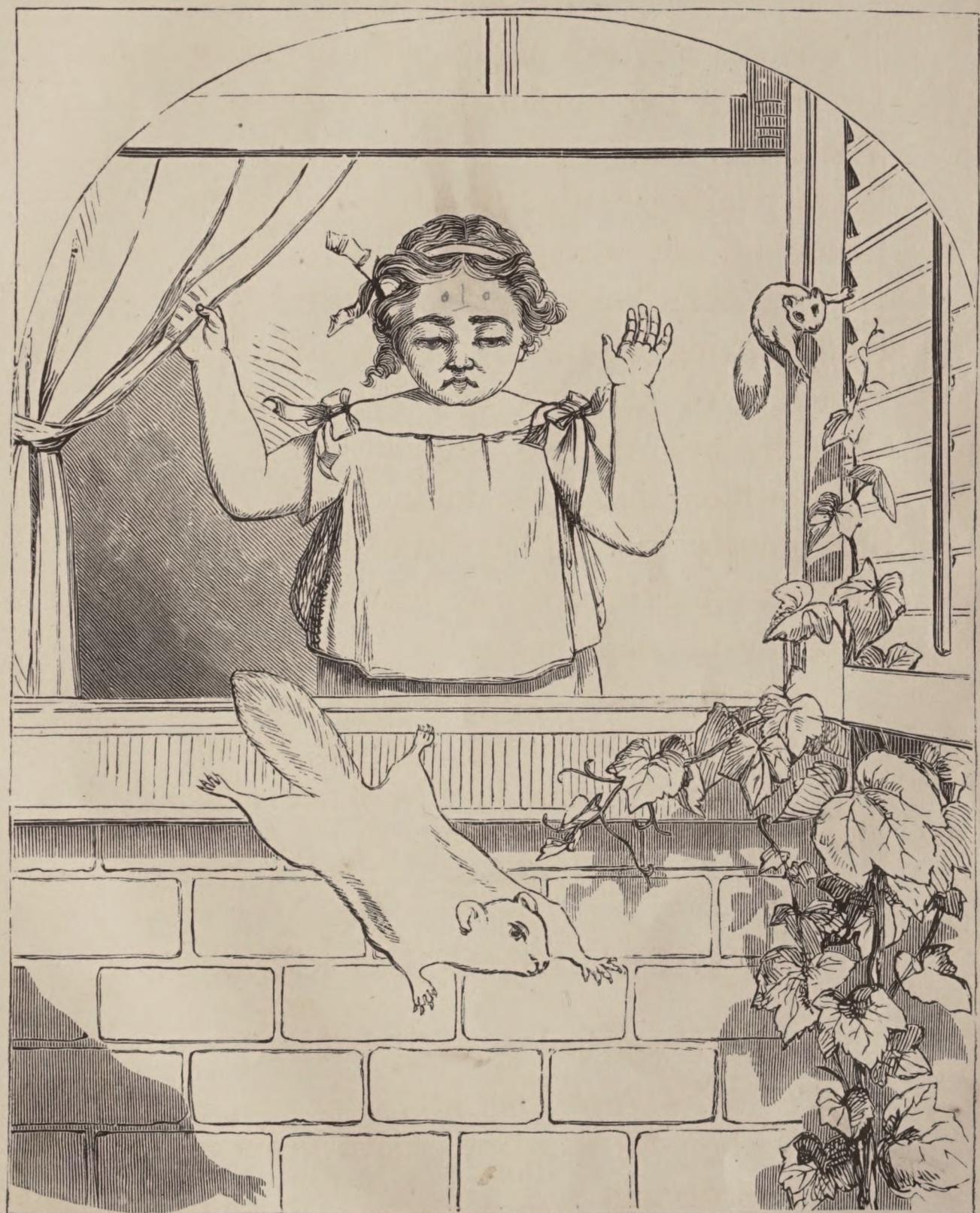
Freed from her grasp, our little bird
To wakened consciousness was stirred ;
Down fell she, tumbling o’er and o’er,
Seeing the sky, but nothing more,
Until into a tree she dropped,
And caught by branches thick, she stopped.

'T was dawn ; and night, with lingering hand,
Drew back her curtain from the land.
The birds, with voices sweet and clear,
Were pouring forth their notes of cheer ;
Listening, our weary little bird
Her mother's voice distinctly heard ;
And, looking down, she saw a sight
Which filled her soul with keen delight :
Close by her was the pleasant home
From which she never more would roam.
She quickly cleared her little throat,
And sent to Heaven one grateful note :
With joy the tender mother heard,
Nor answered one reproachful word ;
But cried, "Come to my anxious breast,
And find forgiveness, love, and rest !"

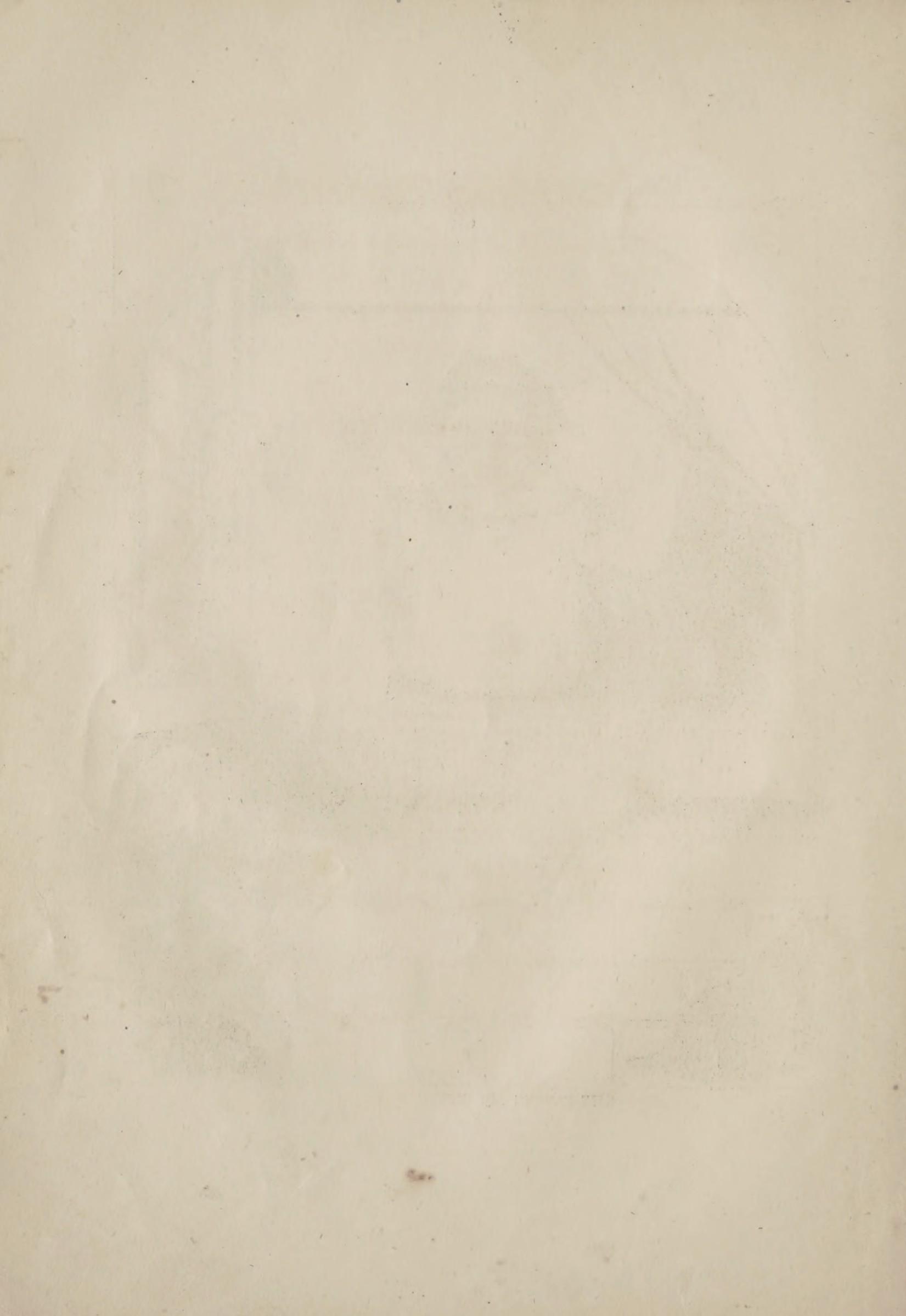


THE FLYING SQUIRRELS.

YOUNG Henry had a spirit bold,
A hunter would he be ;
And when he was but twelve years old,
A sportsman rare was he.



THE FLYING SQUIRREL. P. 10.



The Flying Squirrels.

II

One day when to the woods he went,
To hunt for grouse and hare,
As 'gainst an old oak's trunk he leant,
He saw some creatures fair.

With hollow trunk, the old tree made
A cosy homestead, where
A group of flying squirrels played,
Hidden from sun and air.

"I'll take some home with me," he thought,
"And keep them with fond care;"
Then thrusting in his hand, he caught
A soft and pretty pair.

Into his game-bag gently, then,
He put the fluttering things;
And thought "Mamma 'll be well pleased, when
She sees what her boy brings."

Mamma so loved this little boy,
Who was her only one,
She gave him all he could enjoy,
Rejoicing in his fun.

An empty room she gave him now,
Round which his pets could fly,
Almost as free as when they lived
Beneath the open sky.

To set his captives quite at ease
In their new home, the boy
Placed in the room some forest trees,
Whose green they could enjoy.

Fair groves the little creatures deemed
Those forest branches few,
Most happy and content they seemed,
As round the room they flew.

Henry had little sisters three,
Who dearly loved to steal
Into this room, his pets to see,
Or their soft fur to feel.

One morning in an idle hour
Here little Mary strayed ;
She fed the squirrels in their bower,
Or watched them while they played.

The Flying Squirrels.

13

Tired, then, she looked out on the trees,
And thought "how kind 't would be
To let the squirrels feel this breeze
Which floats so pleasantly."

Quickly the window up she threw —
The silly little child !
When out the winged creatures flew,
With liberty quite wild !

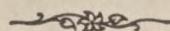
Half frightened, then, the little girl
Leaned from the window out ;
Her mind in a distressing whirl
Of triumph and of doubt.

She knew she had done wrong at first,
To come here without leave ;
And now she dared not tell the worst,
Nor dared she to deceive.

At first, she thought they might come back,
And watched with hope and fear ;
But flying on the forest track,
She saw them disappear.

"I like to think they 're happy there,"
She said ; " though it was wrong ;
I 'm sure they needed the fresh air,
To make them well and strong."

"It was so quickly done," she said,
"I had not time to wink ;
Forgive me this once, brother dear ;
Next time I 'll stop to think."



WHAT ARE THE STARS ?

"WHAT are the stars which shine so bright,
Up in the heavens, every night ?
If they are great lamps, who can light
Thousands on thousands in one night ?

"Say, do the angels light them, so
That they can see us here below ?
Then must they often cry, I fear,
To see the naughty people here.

What are the Stars?

15

“Mamma, do not you think they fly,
With lighted torches, through the sky?
Oh! it must be a lovely sight
To watch them, when the lamps they light!”

“My boy! our Heavenly Father made
Those glorious lights that never fade;
All day, they’re shining, just as bright
As when we see them in the night;

“But when the sun is shining, too,
We cannot see them, through the blue;
When sets the sun, and day is done,
Then out the stars peep, one by one.

“Some are, we think, great worlds like ours,
Where people live, with trees and flowers;
And our world looks to them a star,
As theirs to us, way off so far.

“Each year you live, my little son,
You’ll learn some new thing God has done,
With wondrous power, and loving care,
To make this world so bright and fair.”

WINTER SPORTS.

Now Jack Frost through the country goes,
And nips our fingers and our toes ;
He stole a march on us last night,
And gave our pretty flowers a fright.

The northern winds blow loud and shrill ;
Our very bones they seem to chill.
We boys are glad, the sound to hear ;
It tells that winter sports are near.

What forts we 'll build, with high thick walls !
What battles fight with big snow-balls !
What men we 'll make with giant heads !
And roll ourselves in deep snow-beds !

With swiftest sleds we 'll coast down hill ;
And on the pond, close by the mill,
We 'll skate, when school is done, each day ;
Till dark night calls us from our play.

Little Arthur.

17

At evening, when the fire burns bright,
The cheerful parlor glows with light,
Then games we play, and stories tell;
Oh! we boys love the winter well!



LITTLE ARTHUR.

LITTLE Arthur loves to play
Driving horses all the day;
One he has, brown, stuffed with hay,
Yellow tail, and saddle gay.

The horse which Arthur loves the best,
On two feet runs, and wears a vest;
His coat is black, his temper mild;
He's ruled completely by this child.

'T is in the parlor that they run,
Racing about in wildest fun;
Who is this good horse? Shall I tell?
His own papa, he loves so well.

THE WISE CAT.

IN a little old house, two old dames live
With a wonderful cat called "Tim;"
So wise, and so funny, I'll try now to give
You a faithful account of him.

So long have these three dwelt together in ease,
Tim knows all his mistress's ways;
He knows when to mind them, and when he may
tease,
And for both he is sure of fond praise.

With the nicest of every thing Timmy is fed,
And he sleeps on a cushion so soft;
At nine o'clock promptly they all go to bed,
Two down-stairs, and Tim in the loft.

At six he jumps up and comes down with a bound,
On hearing the neighbors a-stir,
And wakes each old lady from slumber profound,
By pulling the bed-clothes off her.

The Wise Cat.

19

He watches them while they the breakfast prepare,
And, soon as the tea-kettle sings,
He runs to the table, and sits on his chair,
And waits till the breakfast-bell rings.

Most daintily eats he, not dropping one crumb
Which his kind mistress gives unto him ;
But neatly he takes it, from finger and thumb ;
This wonderful, clever cat Tim.

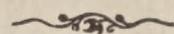
When twelve o'clock strikes, Tim runs where they sit,
And makes one this fact understand ;
He pulls at her work, if she 's trying to knit,
Or her paper he tears from her hand.

If, in spite of these tokens, she does not obey,
Tim's long tail grows big with surprise ;
And, jumping up quickly, he snatches away
The spectacles off from her eyes !

This saucy trick makes the old lady laugh out ;
She never can punish her Tim ;
So she gets up at once, and goes trotting about,
Preparing a dinner for him.

One mistress is deaf, so the bell she can't hear,
And when dinner is done, Tim will go,
And mounting her shoulder, his mouth in her ear,
He'll scream a tremendous "mi-a-ow."

I've not time to tell half the wonderful things
This wisest of wise cats can do ;
If you go there, he'll run, when the door-bell rings,
And cry out a welcome to you.



MAY WOODS.

THE woods are full of sweet perfume,
For lovely "May-flowers" are in bloom ;
Creeping on the soft, damp ground.
The children with their baskets stray,
Where pink and bright, these buds of May,
Sweet are springing all around ;
The forest rings with merry sound.

Here the "Pussy-willows" grow ;
Silver gray their soft coats show,

'T is Sleepy Time.

21

Shining in the broad sunlight;
So like your Pussy looks their fur,
Almost, I think, I hear them purr;
Here are Partridge-berries bright,
On dark green leaves, a pretty sight.

Pale Liverwort with downy stem,
Among wild flowers a precious gem,
Sweet violets, so blue and bright,
And gold-thread, with its stars of white;
These are the flowers that spring to-day,
Peeping through the green of May;
And here is the rosy little child
Who loves to pluck these blossoms wild,
In the woods in sunny May.

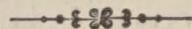


'T IS SLEEPY TIME.

'T is sleepy time, my baby dear;
The hens have said "Good-night,"
And Kitty on the hearth-rug here
Has shut her eyes up tight.

We cannot take off Kitty's clothes,
Before she goes to bed;
We cannot play with her bare toes,
Or kiss her curly head.

Now, curled up in a little heap,
Contentedly she purrs;
I'll sing my little one to sleep,
With songs as soft as hers.



PRETTY BOSSY.

WHERE the fragrant meadows spread
Rich and green,
Skipping round with lightest tread,
There is seen
The daintiest Bossy in the land,
Miles between.
My soft words she can understand
Well, I ween.

Where the pretty brooklet flows,
Bright and clear,

Pretty Bossy.

23

There's the sweetest grass that grows
Far and near;
Often to that cool stream goes
Bossy dear,
Drinking where some broad tree throws
Shadows sheer.

Underneath some tempting shade,
Resting lies
The mother-cow, demure and staid;
Her soft eyes
Watch the little frisky maid
With surprise,
At the tricks and wiles displayed
Grown so wise.

Waiting while John gets her milk,
Foaming white,
Oft I smooth her hair, like silk,
Glossy bright;
While around us Bossy plays;
Pretty sight!
In her funny, frolic ways
I delight.

BEG, LITTLE DOG!

BEG, little dog! and I'll give you some bread;
Stand up on two legs, and throw back your head!
What! you won't beg, till I offer you cake?
You rogue! this bad habit I surely must break.

Your meat, too, of late, must be served steaming hot,
You growl, and won't taste of it, if it is not:
Such daintiness really I hardly can bear;
You shall starve till 't is cured, if you do not take
care.

Now stand up, my beauty! and give me your paw!
Now love me, and kiss me, and laugh for me, or
My friends here will say 'twas a lie that I told,
When I said you were wise as a boy four years old.

THE POLLYWOG'S SONG.

OH! why in this dark little hole was I born,
To lie in the water and mud all forlorn?
The frogs all around me have legs, and can jump,
But I am just naught but a black little lump.

Through the water I nothing can see, save the light,
But the frogs say, the earth is a beautiful sight;
The fish, too, have fins, and can swim if they please,
Or lie on the top of the water, at ease.

But I can do nothing but lie here all day,
And just wriggle and wriggle, and wriggle away.
I feel quite disgusted with such a poor life;
I would cut off my head, if I had but a knife!

Lawks! what are these points sticking out of my sides?
In my pitiful life, now what new ill betides?
If they only were longer, I'd use them for legs,
But at present they seem to be nothing but pegs.

26 *The Rhyming Story-Book.*

Am I dying? Or what makes my tail feel so loose?
Well, no matter, I'm ready; my life's of no use.
Croak! croak! Why, my throat made a sound like a
frog!

And as true as I live, I've jumped out of that bog!

And where, tell me, where is my beautiful tail?
I have dropped it! Oh! help me! Its loss I bewail!
Will somebody look in the water below—
No! stop! On my own slender legs I can go.

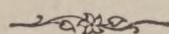
As I live, I'm no longer a poor pollywog,
But a graceful, elastic, and fat little frog!
Now all the gay world I will hasten to see,
So my neighbors no longer can croak over me.

I can sing, too! Why, bless me, how sweet is my
voice!

Through all these warm nights, I will sing and rejoice,
And I'll speak a kind word to the poor pollywogs,
Remembering that they, too, will soon be fine frogs.

BRAVE CHANTICLEER.

CROW ! crow ! crow ! cock-a-doodle-doo !
I think my voice is fine, do n't you ?
I am a warrior gay and bold ;
I fought a battle when three days old.
The hens are all afraid of me ;
The chickens run if they but see
My plume and spurs ; and when I speak,
Hearts stout before are instant weak.
The bravest fellow in the land,
A conqueror fearless, here I stand !
Crawks ! There 's a cock ! I 'll run away,
And live to fight another day.



COME, GO WITH ME.

COME, go with me, my pretty one ;
Come, go with me, and see
How fast the little lambies run,
Under the maple-tree.

There, where the grass is soft and green,
 There, in the pleasant shade,
Our two white lambies can be seen,
 The prettiest ever made.

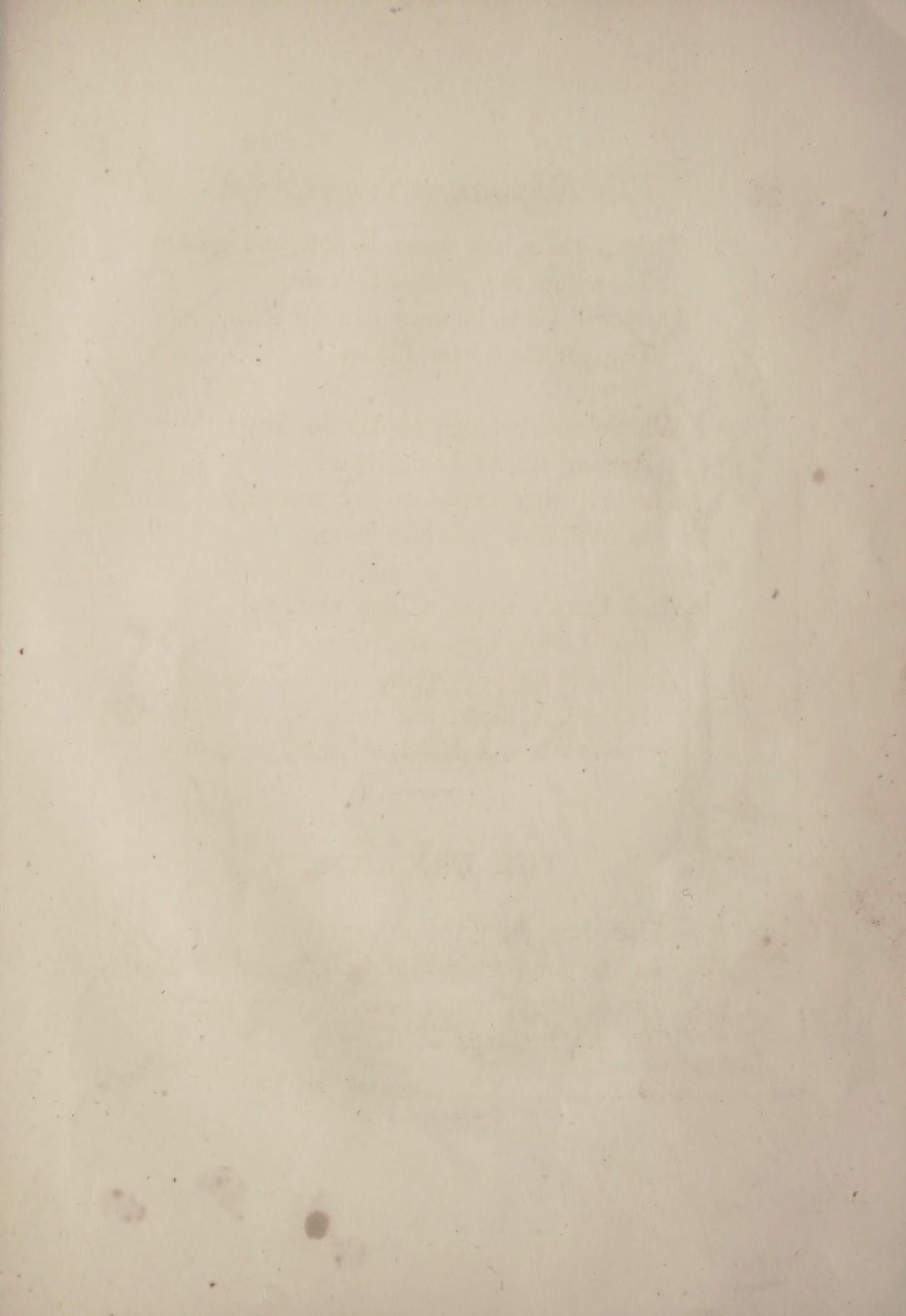
Which one belongs to Willie, boy?
 And which to Lucy dear?
The one that looks so shy and coy
 Is Willie's; call him here.

And Lucy's wears a blue neck-tie,
 For Lucy's eyes are blue;
And well he knows the reason why
 He wears that color too.



THE CRICKETS.

Hop, hop, hop, the crickets go,
In the long grass hiding low;
Jump, jump, jump, now, way up high
To the tree-tops in the sky.





HARRY'S RABBITS. P. 29.

Chirp, chirp, chirp, the crickets sing ;
Through the air their voices ring ;
Baby hears them, as she lies
In her crib, with sleepy eyes.

HARRY'S RABBITS.

Six happy, sunny years have gone,
Since Harry, darling boy,
Into this lovely world was born,
Its pleasures to enjoy.

Our pretty baby boy has turned
Into a coltish lad ;
Much good his little mind has learned,
And nothing very bad.

As many pets he'd like to own
As Noah had of old ;
Pigs, chickens, calves ; nor these alone ;
The best I have not told.

The Rhyming Story-Book.

Six little rabbits, milky white,
In one pen may be seen;
With pink eyes shining in the light;
Feeding on clover green.

A rabbit-mother, I must own
No love her children bears;
Such cruelty has this one shown,
Their home no more she shares;

But in another pen she lives,
With spotted sisters three;
And to her master pleasure gives,
Hard-hearted though she be.

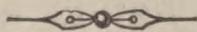
With her to clover-fields he goes,
And loves to see her eat;
He laughs to see her twitch her nose,
Nibbling the blossoms sweet.

Dear Harry thinks her very wise;
But pray, what can she do,
But stamp her feet, and wink her eyes,
And eat, and look at you?

My Baby.

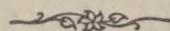
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But Bunny, though a stupid thing,
Is useful in her way;
Nothing which can pure pleasure bring
Is wholly thrown away.



SWEET BABY.

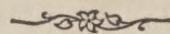
SWEET baby, blue-eyed little pet,
Birdies like you should never fret;
You 've naught to do the livelong day,
But crow, and laugh, and dance, and play;
Dance and play, and leave your tears
For larger griefs, in future years;
For cares will come full soon, my pet,
So dance away, and never fret.



MY BABY.

Now hear my little baby crow,
My precious little one!

Can any other mother show
A child so full of fun?
Can any other baby show
Three pearly teeth like these?
Can any other baby go
So swift on hands and knees?
Sure, never child was half so sweet
And nice to kiss, as this!
From downy cheek to dimpled feet,
I kiss, and kiss, and kiss.



THE LOST CHILD.

ONE pleasant morn, in fragrant June,
When skies were bright and birds in tune,
I chanced two innocents to meet,
Together walking up the street.

Sweet babes they were, who never yet
Had learned aught they had best forget;
I, close behind them on the walk,
Enjoyed their gentle, loving talk.



THE LOST CHILD. P. 32.



The Lost Child.

33

“I wish,” the little sister said,
“The Fairies kind were not all dead;
If they would grant a wish to me,
I well know what that wish would be!”

“That thing you asked our mother for
The other day?” lisped Robbie, “or
The great doll, with the pretty eyes
That go to sleep when down she lies?”

“Oh! no, indeed, Rob!” Mabel said;
Indignant, tossing back her head;
“I want a baby made of meat;
One that’s alive, and fat, and sweet.

“If God would only send us one
To play with, would n’t we have fun?
I ask him for one every day;
Do you think of it when you pray?”

“Oh, yes! I do; and I asked mother
To buy for me a little brother;
But she said, ‘Only God above
Could give us such a gift to love.’”

"Oh, look!" said Mabel; "there's a child
Without her hat! Perhaps she's *wild*!
The pretty thing can hardly walk;
I wonder if she's learned to talk!"

A chubby thing, with recent trace
Of some sweet luncheon on her face;
She toddled on, as if the earth
Had been her play-ground from her birth.

In eager haste, down Mabel knelt,
Asking her name, and where she dwelt;
Then waited, betwixt joy and fear,
The little one's reply to hear.

Still as they spoke, the chubby child
For every answer only smiled.
"She cannot speak; O Mabel, see!
She *is* wild, then!" cried Rob, with glee.

"How very glad mamma will be
This pretty little child to see!
She'll wash her face, and brush her hair,
And make her some new clothes to wear."

The Lost Child.

35

Life's brightest joys are very brief,
And followed, oft, by bitterest grief!
I could not speak to them, to tell
Where lived the child, though I knew well.

“Mamma!” they cried, “see what we found,
Out in the street, right on the ground!
The poor child has n’t any name,
And cannot tell from whence she came.

“Perhaps God put her there alone,
That we might find her, for our own.”
Mamma’s reply I could not hear,
But curious still, I lingered near.

Then one came, hurrying down the street,
Who asked of all whom she did meet,
With anxious face and accents wild,
“Oh! have you seen my little child?”

I pointed where it might be found;
She entered; and I heard a sound
Of mingled pain and glad relief,—
The mother’s joy, the children’s grief.

THE BROOK'S SONG.

DANCING and tumbling over the stones
 All the day long,
The little brook sings in cheery tones
 The same glad song.

Rolling and rushing, merry at heart,
 It seems to say,
“ In the business of life I have a part,
 Though all in play.

“ Darting and diving, under me lie
 Bright little fish.
Without my care they would quickly die ;
 Dear little fish !

“ Strolling through meadows fragrant and green,
 Cows hear my song ;
Hastening with joy where my waters are seen
 Dashing along.

The Brook's Song.

37

“ Violets, blue and yellow and white,
 Sit on my banks ;
Their little heads nodding in wild delight
 At my mad pranks.

“ Queen of brook flowers, Lobelia, is here,
 Haughty and bright ;
She worships herself in my mirror so clear,
 Red with delight.

“ Pale-fringed Orchis stands by my side,
 Pure and serene ;
Loving in shadiest nooks to hide,
 Rough rocks between.

“ Barefoot and merry, here the boys wade,
 Coming from school ;
Tossing the pebbles, till eddies are made
 In every pool.

“ Restless, yet feeling a sweet content,
 I glide along ;
Babbling the joys of a life well spent,
 In all my song.”

CHILDREN, THANK GOD.

CHILDREN, thank God for these great trees
That fan the land with every breeze;
Whose drooping branches form cool bowers
Where you can spend the summer hours:
For these thank God.

For fragrant sweets of blossoms bright,
Whose beauty gives you such delight;
For the soft grass beneath your feet,
For new-mown hay, and clover sweet:
For all thank God.

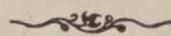
The very cows, that lie and doze
Beneath the trees, in glad repose;
The birds that in their branches sing,
And make the air with music ring:
All these thank God.

Oh! thank God for the radiant sky,
Whose varying beauty charms the eye;
Now gray and dark, now blue and bright,

Unfailing source of pure delight,—

For this thank God.

He gives the life to every thing;
To beasts that roar, and birds that sing;
But thought and speech he gave to men,
While beasts are dumb: O children, then,
For this thank God.



MY PRETTY CANARY BIRD.

My pretty yellow canary bird
The sweetest song sings ever heard;
She lives in a cage, with bars of gold,
And my little birdie is two years old.

My birdie three blue eggs has laid,
In softest nest of cotton made;
And soon those little eggs will be
Three baby birds, to sing chee, chee.

SUSY'S PUSSY.

Oh dear! where have you put my cap?
I wish you'd let it be!
Why, there it is in Susy's lap!
She's hiding it from me.

I know a trick worth two of that,
You roguish little Sue;
I'll put your bonnet on the cat,
And play that she is you!

Come, four-legged Sue, let's take a walk;
I'll give my arm to you,
And we will have a pleasant talk:
Why, Susy, did *you mew*?

What makes them laugh at you, my Sue?
I'm sure you look quite nice;
I can't believe a belle like you
Would eat the dirty mice.

Cradle Song.

41

You'd like to wear your pussy's bonnet,
My little sister Sue?
Well, don't forget now, when you don it
'T is only lent to you.



CRADLE SONG.

THE birds have twittered their "Good-night,"
The lily's leaves are folded tight;
The summer sun has gone to sleep,
Hid in his gorgeous crimson bed,
With pearly sheets and golden spread;
But still my baby's bright eyes peep,
Peep, through their silken lashes long,
While soft I sing my evening song.

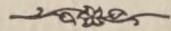
Sleep, pretty one; you're tired with play;
Fast have you crept about all day,
As if your baby limbs, so strong,
And full of rosy dimpled grace,
As your own lovely little face,
Were bound upon a journey long.

Hush ! Do not crow and flap your wings,
But hear your mother, while she sings.

She sings and thinks of other days,
When you 'll have done with childish plays ;

When these round limbs must run the race
Of life, 'mid dangers all unknown,
Till, with man's step, you walk alone,

Beyond thy mother's loving face ;
Then gayer songs you 'll love to hear,
Than these which please my baby dear.



"MOO ! MOO !"

"Moo ! moo !" says the clever old cow ;
Jip at her heels snaps out, " Bow ! wow ! "
Pussy looks on, and cries, " Miaw ! Miew !
Jimmy and I are waiting for you."

" Give us some milk, you dear old cow ! "

" Yes ! we are coming," Jip says ; " Bow ! wow !
Here 's enough milk to make any boy fat,
Or a calf, or a pig, not to speak of a cat."

THE STOLEN EGGS

STOP, little boy! Don't run away!
And pray, where is your hat?
I saw you here the other day,
And called to tell you that
You must not come here without leave;
These fruit-trees all are mine,
And if you hurt them I should grieve,
For they are very fine.
Why do you hang your little head,
Or hide your hat from me?
Pray, is there something which you dread,
Or fear to have me see?
Four birds' eggs! What a cruel thing
To do! Why, did you know,
Four little birds, that sweetly sing,
From out these shells would grow?
Think how the mother-bird will cry,
To see her empty nest!
How she will mourn, and wonder why
You should destroy her rest!
You're sorry, I see by your face!

Now lead me to the tree,
And we the four eggs will replace,
And then you 'll happy be.



SUSY AND BUFFY.

I KNOW a lovely little child,
With eyes of heavenly blue ;
Her every look is soft and mild,
Her hair of golden hue ;
The soft curls kiss her dimpled neck
And shadow the fair skin ;
While smiles her radiant beauty deck
With sweetness from within.

When the war beat its stirring drum,
Calling to all of those
Who loved their country, quick to come,
To save her from her foes,
Susy's dear papa heard the call,
And started off in haste,

Susy and Buffy.

45

The glories of the war, with all
Its suffering, to taste.

Now of his youngest little girl,
With her bright, loving face,
Hair thick with many a clustering curl,
And lips of rosy grace,
There was no picture he could wear
Amid the scenes of strife,
To help him all the hardships bear,
Of lonely soldier-life.

She never could keep still, to let
That truthful artist, "Sun,"
Her beauty paint; but would forget,
And move before he'd done.
"A bright thought has to me occurred,"
Said Susy's sister Nell;
"Be careful not a single word
Of it the child to tell."

"My sister sweet," she said, "come here!
Would you not like to see

A picture of your rabbit, dear ?
How pretty it would be !
Close you shall hold him in your arms,
So he will quiet sit ;
Lest any thing which him alarms
Should make him move a bit."

"Oh ! let us go this very day!"
The little Susy said ;
"I 'll carry Buffy all the way,
And cover up his head ;
For if he saw the clover bright,
As sweet as sweet can be,
I 'm sure that such a tempting sight
Would make him jump from me.

"His coach shall be a basket strong,
And happy will he ride ;
Nor think the shady way too long,
With Susy by his side."
Often stopped Susy in her walk,
To pick the clover sweet ;
Or cheer her prisoned pet with talk,
Or with her fragrant treat.

Susy and Buffy.

47

Now she takes Buffy from his cage
 Into her soft embrace ;
While earnest thoughts her mind engage,
 And cloud her little face ;
Then, sitting with unconscious grace
 And self-forgetting air,
She turns toward him her lovely face,
 So gentle and so fair.

Oh ! 't was a picture sweet to see !
 But little Susy said,
“ I can’t see any thing but me !
 Where is my Buffy’s head ? ”
Alas ! the truth they did bewail ;
 They naught but her had seen,
And while they copied Buffy’s tail,
 Hidden his head had been !

OUR NORTHERN BOYS.

COME, John, bring out your biggest drum,
And, Will, you with your fife must come!
Dick, blow your trumpet loud and clear,
That all the neighborhood may hear!

Come! and we 'll call out all the boys,
By making such a furious noise!
See! here they come! Now let me count;
Why, up to twenty-six we mount!

Now we 'll have a mighty battle!
The whole street with war shall rattle!
Be quiet there! Don't make a noise!
Choose your commanders now, my boys!

“I 'll fight with Sherman!” “I with Grant!”
No! Stop! This won't do: why, we can't
Fight if we all are on one side;
In equal force we must divide.

Our Northern Boys.

49

“Half *must* be Rebs, you know, of course ;
The others make the Union force.”

“That’s true,” another said ; “and I
Will fight the rebels till I die.”

“Yes,” said a third, “the South shall see
How brave the Northern boys can be !
But who ’ll be Jeff.? *I’d scorn* to be
A low, mean rebel, such as he !”

“My father’s fighting for the right,
And it would be a shameful sight
To see his son in traitor ranks ;
I ’ll fight, as he does, under Banks !”

They talked the matter o’er and o’er,
And fought with words, but nothing more ;
No one the rebel flag would bear,
No one the rebel colors wear.

“Then, boys, our game is up!” said one ;
“We can’t have any soldier fun ;
But let us give one rousing cheer,
Glad that no traitor’s son is here !”

Then rose a ringing, gladdening shout,
Which echoed from the hills about!
A stranger passing, said : " My boys,
What means this loud and deafening noise ? "
" It means, sir," said a noble youth,
" It means that we all love the truth."

O PUSSY! WHAT A SILLY RACE.

O Pussy! what a silly race
 You 're running round and round the floor !
Do you not know the thing you chase
 Is your own tail, and nothing more ?

Now round and round and round you go,
 Make little darts and funny leaps ;
But still your harmless, bushy foe
 Just out of reach forever keeps.

Now at it once more ! Hi, yi ! There !
 You surely thought you had it then !
Don't tip that pail over ! Take care !
 Now there you rush like mad again !

THE MONKEY SHOW.

Ho! ho! for the Monkey Show!
Girls and boys, now who will go?
Grinning apes and wild baboons,
Little monkeys grinding tunes,
Big ones jumping high in air:
Some of every kind are there.

Go! go! to the Monkey Show!
See them dancing in a row;
Chattering, laughing, fighting, growling,
Mimicking, jumping, biting, howling;
Scarce will they the showman mind,
When for tricks they're not inclined.

Dressed like sailors, Spaniards, Turks,
Round they jump with funny jerks;
One with hoop and parasol,
Jacket gay and feathers tall,
Plays the stately lady now;
See her courtesy! See her bow!

Ho! ho! for the Monkey Show!
To the creatures sweetcakes throw;
Hear them chatter! See them sprawl!
Each one eager to get all.
In such gluttony can it be
That they mimic you or me?



THE HOME-SICK GOAT.

THE grass in the meadow is fragrant and sweet;
Then why do you walk in the broad, dusty street,
 You pretty goat,
 With shaggy coat?

“I seek for the mountains so rough and so high;
'Mong rocks was I born, and for them do I sigh.
 Show me the way
 To them, I pray.”

The mountains you love, they are far from here,
If you wander all day, you 'll not find them, I fear;
 Live here with me,
 And happy be.



THE HOME-SICK GOAT. P. 52.

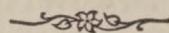
The Honey-Bees.

53

“From children who love me I’m running away;
In this dismal town I no longer can stay;
 My home must be
 On the mountain free.

“Now leaping the rocks and the chasms with joy,
My friends and my brothers live there, little boy:
 Soon I’ll be there,
 Their sport to share.”

Then good-by, poor goat! Very fast must you run,
The journey is long, and the day is half done;
 So quickly fly
 To the mountains high.



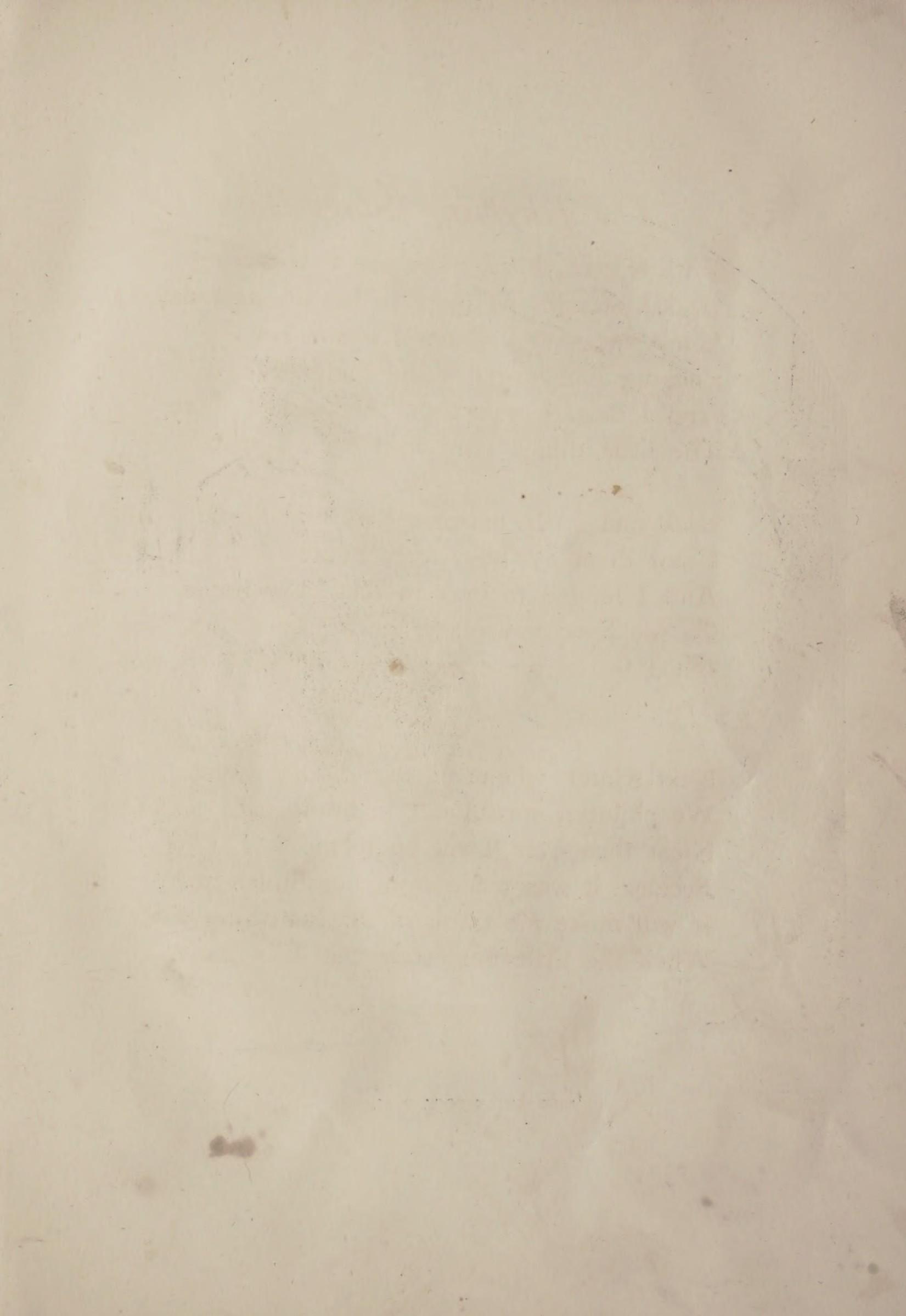
THE HONEY-BEES.

A HONEY-BEE stood on the linden-tree,
And said, “Hum, hum; this is good for me;
All these pretty blossoms are filled with juice,
Of which we bees well know the use;
I will call my mates, and we will strive
To carry it all in our bags to the hive.”

With a buzz, buzz, buzz, she flew away;
And I thought no more of her till next day,
When in every blossom I saw a bee
Sucking the sweets of the linden-tree;
And I fancied myself on the ocean's shore,
The little things sang with such a roar.

Back and forth, between hive and flower,
I saw them fly, hour after hour;
And I longed to look in that busy home,
To see how they made the honey-comb;
But I feared the creatures would sting me so,
That really I did not dare to go.

Next winter, whenever with honey sweet
We children spread our bread to eat,
Nicer than ever 't will be to me,
Because it was made from our linden-tree.
It will make me think of that sunshiny day,
When the little bees stole the juice away.





THE LITTLE DOG. P. 55.

THE LITTLE DOG.

THERE comes a little yellow dog,
Sniffing along the streets ;
Half stopping, with a funny jog,
At every thing he meets.
Now, a huge friend he greets ;
Not with a grand and courtly bow,
But a glad “bow-wow !”

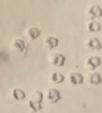
He does n’t stop to talk with him,
He says he’s in great haste ;
Already daylight’s growing dim,
No minutes can he waste,
Life’s social joys to taste.
Frisking, he bids him “good-by” now,
With a glad “bow-wow !”

Close to the ground he holds his nose,
And no more looks around ;
Then pricks his ears up, as he goes
On with a lighter bound ;
As if he’d something found,

Which did delight him : hear him now
Give a glad "bow-wow!"

Oh ! 't is that curly-headed boy
With basket in his hand,
Whose coming gives the dog such joy ;
He runs at his command,
Eager to understand
In what way he can help him now,
With a glad "bow-wow!"

"Here, Snip ! my basket you may take !"
His little master said ;
"But mind, if any eggs you break,
To-night you 'll not be fed,
But hungry go to bed."
Snip answers, "You may trust me now,"
With a glad "bow-wow!"



THE FAIRIES' BALL.

WHEN day is fading into night,
The fields present a glorious sight ;
'Mong grasses tall the fire-flies flit ;
And earth is with their brightness lit.

Mere small brown bugs are they by day ;
But soon as sunlight fades away
Like little stars the creatures seem,
As in and out the green they gleam.

Last night Queen Fairy gave a ball ;
And to her page I heard her call,
“ See that the dancing hall is bright ;
Let every corner glow with light.”

At her command the wee page flew
Down to a brook, where alders grew,
With tall bulrushes thick and rank ;
And there, on leafy couch, she sank.

Round her the fire-flies sporting played,
And flashed their light in every shade ;
Her voice the fitful creatures stilled ;
They paused to know what 't was she willed.

“ The Queen desires your presence bright,
To fill her halls with dazzling light ;
She entertains a noble guest,
And you must do your very best.”

At once the summons ran to all ;
From far and near they heard the call ;
The meadows sparkled as they flew,
And glanced their light the green trees through

Where thickest the green branches spread,
In arches meeting overhead,
The fire-flies flew in glittering troops,
And rested on the leaves in groups.

From thence they threw a brilliant light
Upon the little fairies bright,
As on they danced with lightest feet,
Half flying, to the music sweet.

The Fairies' Ball.

59

In gauze of silk, by spiders wrought,
The elves were dressed ; and one, who ought
In beauty to outshine the rest,
In a white lily's cup was drest.

This was the Queen ; and on her head
There gleamed a star of fire-flies red ;
More bright than sun-struck diamonds' light,
This head-dress sparkled through the night.

Oh ! merrily tripped they o'er the green,
The prettiest party ever seen.
The katydids sweet music made,
While frogs the slower movements played.

When the first flush of day appeared,
The whole like magic disappeared,
Brown bugs were where the fire-flies gleamed,
The katydids in slumber dreamed.

The tiny fairies — where went they ?
Where do they live ? Can any say ?
I've heard the place from whence they came,
“ Imagination ” called, by name.

TO LITTLE MARGARET.

OH speak, little Margaret, out of the West,
And tell if the new home, or old, is loved best ;
Can a pink-petaled daisy, so fragile and fair,
Take root in a land so uncultured and bare ?

And what can you do in the far home so wild ?
Do you run in the forest, my delicate child ?
And who do you have for your playmates out there,
A tender-eyed deer, or a little black bear ?

Do you find what sweet flowers can grow in a wood,
Which ever since God made this bright world, has
stood

Unentered by man, and where no child before
Ever ventured the thickets and dells to explore ?

Do you follow the speckled brown partridge, to learn
Where her young ones lie hid 'neath the feathery fern ?
Those soft, downy balls are far too shy to pet,
Though they look like the chickens you love, Mar-
garet.

To Little Margaret.

61

I hope if you do meet the little black bear
You will speak boldly to him, and ask him to share
His broad pleasure-grounds and their treasures with
you,

And I think he will give you a dingle or two.

But do not say "Cub" when you speak to the bear,
For the name is no compliment, he is aware;
He will listen less kindly to your gentle suit,
If you let him perceive that you think him a brute.

And whenever you speak to the swift-footed deer,
You may tell him I said he had nothing to fear
From the good little girl, who is dearer to me
Than any shy fawn in the forest could be.

Can you ride by yourself, on your gray donkey's back,
O'er the tree-trunks and brakes in the wild woodland
track,

While from the tall tree-tops the beautiful birds
Enliven the way with their songs without words?

And whenever he stops by some cool running rill,
Determined to tarry as long as he will,

Do you patiently sit by the brook-side and stay
Till the obstinate creature once more trots away?

Do the same pretty songsters that wakened you here
Come under your window, with good-morning cheer?
I dare say you told them to follow you there
When they came from the South, with the Spring's
gentle air.

For I miss the song-sparrow, who every year made
A fair home for her young in the lilac-tree's shade,
So near you might look from the window to tell
When the first little brown head peeped out of its shell.

Oh speak, little Margaret, out of the West,
And tell me the old home is still loved the best;
That the little black bear is not grown dearer yet
Than old friends whom our Daisy can never forget.

TO BABY JULIA.

(ON SEEING A PHOTOGRAPH OF HER, WITH HER MAMMA.)

THOU little lump of loveliness,
Soft-pillowed 'gainst thy mother's cheek!
Thou little treasure, sent to bless
The love her sweet face seems to speak!

Cling close, my child, to that dear face,
And trust that love, so true and strong;
Thou 'lt find no safer resting-place
In all thy life, be it short or long.

I 'm told you 've learned to run alone,
Speak little words, and laugh, and play;
I hope you have a gentle tone,
That they are loving words you say;

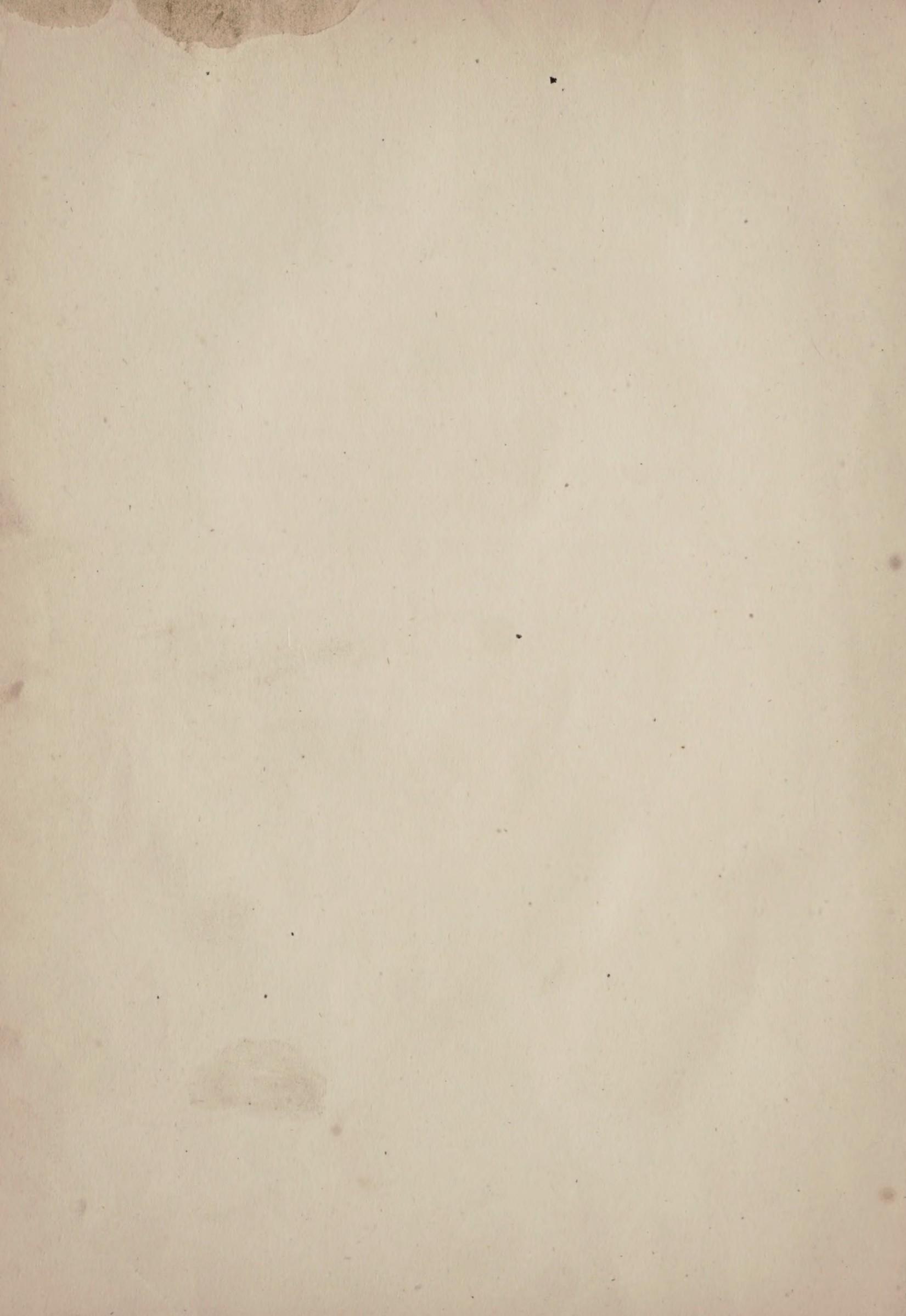
For Beauty loves a pleasant child,
And I 'm afraid she 'll fly away,
Unless you keep a spirit mild,
And kind, and pure, and true alway.

She does not always take away
The pretty clothes God let her wear;
But, her sweet spirit absent, they
Can charm no longer; so beware!

God bless and keep thee, little one!
And teach thee what life's lessons mean;
Instructed so, its darkest page
Some joy will show, before unseen.

Thy soul will be enlarged, and grow
To fullness of perfected love;
Trials will vanish; earth below
Become to thee like heaven above

THE END.



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